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# The SCHOLASTIC

a magazine for high school students



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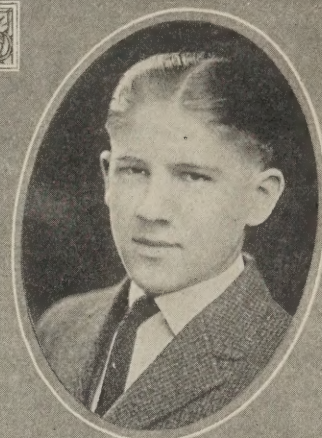
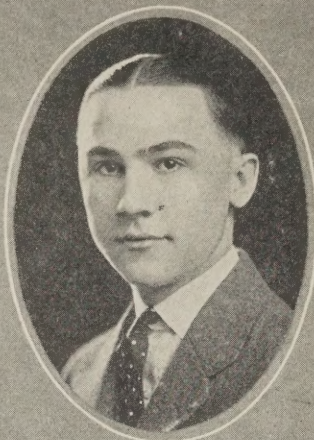
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*M. R. Robinson, Editor*





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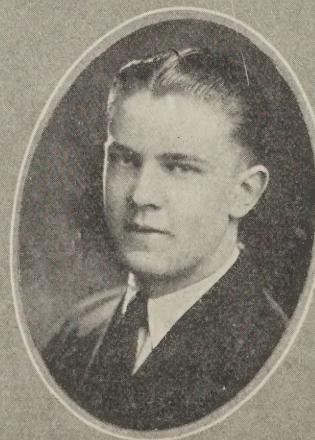
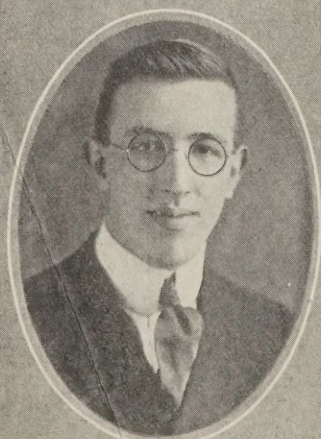
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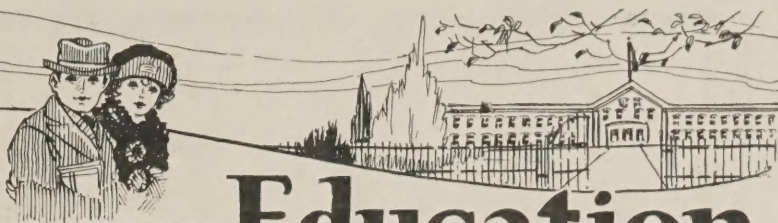
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## *Doggie Warren and the Prune*

By Emma Atkins Jacobs

ELIZABETH Daymon had stayed in the laboratory to finish an experiment in Chemistry and was putting on her coat when the members of the cast of the Senior play came down the hall. A pair paused outside the locker-room, and Elizabeth heard Garnet Moore say:

"You are too late. I just promised Harvey Singelman I would go with him."

"Gee"! ejaculated Garnet's companion in disgust. "And I nearly broke my neck trying to beat him to it. Now what'll I do?"

"Oh, that's easy," replied Garnet. "There are as

many girls as boys in our class, and any of them would prefer an escort to going alone or getting up a 'hen-party.' Why not ask some girl who isn't in on everything?"

"For example—?"

"Well, say—Elizabeth Daymon."

"That—prune?"

"Owen Bates! Prune?" exclaimed Garnet indignantly. "Why, Betsy Daymon is a lovely girl! Why is it that if a girl isn't especially pretty, or if she has a little more than average intelligence, you boys won't get well enough acquainted with her to find out that she is good company? Prune? Well, prunes are just as wholesome as peaches!"

"Gosh! Don't get sore! I didn't mean anything. But, honest, can you expect a person to like a girl whose chief business in life is showing up a class of boobs? Of course a girl can't help her looks—and I like 'em



with a little more pep than she's got—but if she'd had a bad recitation once in a while, say flunk at a translation in Latin, we fellows could stand a closer acquaintance."

"Well, of all things! Garnet laughed merrily. "You're jealous of a girl!"

"I'm not either!" contradicted the youth.

"Then prove it," said Garnet. "Take Betsy Daymon to the debate and I'll believe you. She is to be one of the contestants, and you should feel honored to escort her. She's a crackerjack at debating."

"Sure," growled Owen. "She's 'crackerjack' at everything—that's the trouble. But I'll ask her if you promise now that you'll go to the Senior Hop with me, next month."

Then Elizabeth, flushed and tremulous, brushing away the quick-starting tears, had stealthily crept out of the dim lockerroom through the back doorway and sneaked down the side hall to an outer door.

It was only the day before the big debate when Owen Bates approached Elizabeth with a constrained and half-hearted request for the pleasure of accompanying her to the Debating Finals, so she had had plenty of time to consider her answer. She accepted the invitation. After a long argument with her pride, she had very sensibly decided that refusal would not help the matter that had been her misfortune—and probably her *fault*. She had believed that because she was plain and naturally quiet, she must cultivate the charm of intellect. She would not want Garnet Moore—that rarest of things, a girl both pretty and popular, but utterly unselfish and unspoiled—even to suspect that she had overheard that humiliating conversation in the hall.

So Owen Bates took Elizabeth Daymon to the debate; but under the circumstances he could hardly be expected to discover upon that occasion that Betsy was, as Garnet had said, a lovely girl and good company.

A few days later the impossible happened. Betsy bungled a translation in Virgil. The handsome but grim-faced young teacher of Latin looked up from his text-book in obvious surprise and ordered her to repeat the last four lines. With cheeks flaming, Betsy stumbled through it, and at a curt, "That will do, Miss Daymon!" she sat down.

The following day Betsy faltered again, and on the third day the wondering class turned around and stared. It was incredible. Elizabeth Daymon's recitations had been invariably perfect—so perfect that although she was usually the final reference in a case of dispute over translation, Professor Warren had seemed to take a grim delight in testing her with quizzes which he never would have imposed upon another member of the class. He had appeared to be a little piqued by infallibility of this unobtrusive little student who was a general favorite with the rest of the faculty. Now he glared, under lowering brows, at the pink and tremulous Betsy.

"Miss Daymon," he inquired in congealing sarcasm,

"have you by any chance lost your 'pony'?"

It is doubtful whether her teacher had ever suspected Betsy of using an aid to translation, but the cutting remark was quite like him. Girls giggled, a little nervously; boys snorted in ill-concealed enjoyment. Betsy bit her lip and lowered her head.

Professor Warren stopped her as the class straggled out at the end of the sixth and last period. Behind his gruffness might have been a desire to soften the rebuke he had given in class, but none of his pupils would have believed that. Betsy feared the worst, and her heart pounded fearfully in her throat as she paused at the desk of her instructor.

"May I ask," he growled, without looking up, "the reason for the sudden lowering of standard in your class work?"

"I—" Betsy hesitated. "I'm not studying."

School teachers are used to excuse and subterfuge. The answer was a decided shock. He raised his head with a jerk.

"You are—not studying?" It was almost a bark.

"No sir." She set her chin firmly and gripped her books more tightly.

"And why, may I ask, have you changed your mode of conduct? I understand you expect to graduate with honors in a class of more than one hundred. Do you think you can fail in Virgil and maintain an average of ninety-eight and five-tenths in your fourth-year work?"

Betsy's face burned under his glare. She faltered a moment, then faced him defiantly.

"I want to fail!"

Professor Warren's chin actually dropped, and his contracted brows smoothed out in an unaware moment. Then he closed his mouth with a snap and scowled even more fiercely.

"I *want* to fail," repeated Betsy with desperate courage. "They don't like me; the class don't. I heard some of them talking about me. They call me a 'prune' because my recitations are good—the boys do, I mean. They say I study hard just to 'show them up.' I want them to like me. I'm not pretty and I can't have beautiful clothes, and I have to be *something*! I thought if I tried to excel—"

She stopped.

How ridiculous for her to be talking this way to Professor Warren! Had she lost her senses? Her teacher had swung sharply about in his chair and was now facing his desk so she could not see his eyes; but she caught the subtle twist at the left corner of his mouth. He was laughing at her, of course, in his sneering, unpleasant way. *He* wouldn't understand if she explained until doomsday.

"So you feel—er—" He picked up a note pad, examined it intently, then slapped it with sudden emphasis upon his desk as he cleared his throat. "So you

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## The Question of the Recognition of Mexico

Is the Background of Our Refusal to Recognize Mexico Right or Wrong?

THE absence of Mexico from the Fifth International Conference,—usually referred to as the Pan-American Congress,—now in session in Santiago, Chile, has again focused public attention on the “Mexican Question”. The fact that the United States has refused to recognize the Obregon régime—thus placing Mexico in an anomalous diplomatic position—is assigned as the reason for Mexico’s declining Chile’s invitation to the conference. This statement makes a review of the policies of our Government toward newly established governmental régimes in American states a pertinent subject. The article in the March issue of the *Current History Magazine* by Professor Belaunde of the University of San Marcus, Lima, Peru, deals, among other things, with this subject. The article is timely and deserves more than passing notice; its main points will be mentioned in this review.

Belaunde discovers that our policy toward the Obregon régime is not new, but is the policy that has been in force for more than sixty years. Prior to 1860 our Government acted on the principle that established régimes—and it was not concerned with the manner in which such régimes were established—were entitled to recognition. Van Buren, in 1829, explained it by saying briefly that “so far as we are concerned, the Government *de facto* is equally so *de jure*”. Belaunde also quotes from the state papers of Jefferson, Jackson, Webster, and Pierce to substantiate his point.

Secretary Seward modified our policy fundamentally. Instead of assuming the implied assent of the people to the *de facto* régime he demanded that such assent should be expressed by them in organic law, and in such manner as to guarantee the stability and permanency of the new régime. Seward was, above all, very anxious to check the revolutionary spirit in the Americans. He believed that a delay in recognition of the new régime would not only permit of a careful investigation of the conditions which brought about the change but might tend to deter the revolutionists in their activities. Seward was, however, very careful to explain that our government would under all conditions pursue a rigid neutrality in controversies between the old and the new régimes.

Satisfactory evidence of the faithful fulfilment of international obligations was later added as an unqualified condition for recognition. Secretary Evarts made

this the prime condition in the case of Guzman Blanco in Venezuela in 1879; and succeeding secretaries of state have followed his example. To Belaunde the origins of our policy toward the Obregon régime are found in that of Evarts. Our Government’s chief concern in its policy of recognition, he finds, is for the material interests of our citizens. He instances the hasty manner in which Secretary Hughes recognized the Orellanna régime in Guatemala. The new régime in Guatemala seemed wholly favorable to the interests of American capitalists. By inference, the delay in the recognition of the Obregon régime is due to its failure adequately to safeguard the material interests of Americans in Mexico.

Belaunde does not question the right of a government to accord or withhold recognition of a new régime. That is an inherent right of sovereignty. But he maintains with equal definiteness that no nation may dictate the internal policy of another sovereign nation.

In the case of Mexico, Secretary Hughes, following the policy of Secretary Colby, withholds recognition primarily because of certain objectionable provisions of the Amended Mexican Constitution of 1917. Some of these provisions are held to be derogatory to the best material interests of Americans. Others prevent the acquisition of property rights in the manner in practice prior to the promulgation of this Constitution. Article 27 is held by Hughes to be retroactive and confiscatory in character. Hence the property rights of Americans in Mexico are jeopardized. In spite of the specific statement in that article that there can be no confiscation without due process of law, and in spite of the ruling of the Supreme Court of Mexico, handed down in several decisions dealing with this subject, that the article is neither retroactive nor confiscatory in character our Government persists in its policy of nonrecognition of the Obregon régime. What Hughes really demands, according to Belaunde, is a treaty between Mexico and the United States guaranteeing to the Government of the latter the nonenforcement of the Constitution of 1917 insofar as the citizens of the United States are concerned. Belaunde justly observes that this is a demand which the Obregon régime cannot grant and retain its self-respect as a sovereign nation. This is the reason why Mexico has deemed it proper and decorous to decline to participate in the Santiago Conference.

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### Know The Facts

May we not call your especial attention to this article on Mexico? Despite the fact that the “Mexican Question” has been written and talked of so much that it sometimes seems nothing more could be written on it, the question of the recognition of Mexico is a pertinent one at this time. It has been rumored that Senator Borah considers the question so important that he may run for the presidential nomination on the platform “recognition of the Obregon regime”.



## Easter and Passover

### Interesting Facts About These Religious Festivals

**E**ASTER fell this year on April the first, and Passover began at sunset, the last day of March. The conjunction of these religious festival days of the Jews and the Christians naturally brings up the question of the origins and the relations of these notable celebrations.

The Passover is one of the three principal festivals of ancient Israel. The name (Hebrew, *pesah*, and Greek, *pascha*) is given to the lamb which was offered as a sacrifice at the opening of the feast, which began with the sacrificial meal, on the fourteenth day of Nisan, the first month of the Jewish year. The verb, *Pasah*, signifies a passing over, and according to the Book of Exodus referred to the event of the escape of the Hebrews from Egyptian bondage.

The most explicit regulations for the celebration of the Passover are those to be found in the Book of Exodus, Chapter 12, verses one to twenty, and in the Book of Numbers, Chapter 9, verses 10 to 14, and Chapter 28, verses 16 to 25. There are other injunctions as to the Passover and many references to it in the Scriptures. It is most reasonable to believe that the season was solemnly celebrated in the early communities of the Israelites before the service was centralized in the Temple and became one of the great occasions of pilgrimages to Jerusalem. It is also probable that at this season it was the custom to recite the story of the deliverance. And so there came to exist an Haggadah, or illustrative and practical account of the exodus based on the scriptural text. The Seder service begins the Passover season, and is both a domestic and a public service. (It is interesting to note that an addition to the Haggadah for the Passover of 1923 was prepared; it was an appeal for aid to deliver the Jews of Eastern Europe from the ten plagues,—exile, pogroms, starvation, cold, vermin, disease, nakedness, orphanhood, homelessness, death).

The Jewish Law enjoined the annual repetition of this festival of deliverance and a part of the memorial feast thus established was the eating of unleavened bread (*Matzoth*) for the seven days. The legal and historical sources in the Hebrew Scriptures agree in showing that the festivals of the Passover and of unleavened bread were of Mosaic origin, although the Mosaic Passover festival may have absorbed a thanksgiving spring festival of the land into which the Hebrews came, i.e., in Canaan, years after the Exodus.

By the time of the rise of Christianity, the Passover had reached the point of an elaborate service in the Temple, and was the occasion of one of the three pilgrimage festivals. (Note: According to Josephus who wrote "The Wars of the Jews", the Roman official called upon the high-priests to count the paschal lambs, in order to give Nero some idea of the size of the Jewish

population. By reckoning not less than ten men and not more than twenty to each lamb—the number determined by the priest—the estimate of 2,700,000 men was reached).

As to the origin of Easter, it is to be said that the Jewish Christians carried over into their worship the idea of the paschal lamb, and, as the New Testament indicates, they considered the lamb of the Passover sacrifice the prefiguration of the sacrifice of Christ. In the Lord's Supper the Christian community partook of the flesh and blood of the sacrifice, according to John, sixth chapter.

Easter and the Passover festival come approximately at the same time of the year because of the fact that the date of Christ's death and of his last supper took place at the Passover festival—the fourteenth of the month Nisan. In the early church the term *pascha* was used for the festival next preceding Pentecost, but the history before 325 A.D. does not completely tell us whether *pascha* stood only for the death of Christ or for both the festivals of the death and resurrection. By the year 300, however, the emphasis was on the observance of the day of resurrection, as the "day alone great", (according to Pope Leo I), and as "the most royal day of days". Also, as time went on the tendency to derive the term *pascha* from the Greek verb meaning *to suffer* changed, and the Hebrew meaning was recognized,—that is, passing over. Hence, the emphasis for the festival celebration was more and more upon the resurrection, and less and less upon the death of Christ.

The names for the festival of resurrection in the various lands and languages are interesting. In English, the term Easter and the German equivalent *Ostern* are derived from *Eastre*, the Anglo-Saxon name for the goddess of spring and dawn. The French term *paques* and the terms used in the Romance languages are derived from the Hebrew word, *pesah*, "Passover".

The day of celebration of the *pascha* in the early Christian churches was a matter of serious controversy, and the early historians dwell much upon the "paschal controversies". In the churches of the West, (Roman), and in parts of the East, (Greek), different customs as to the celebration of *pascha* prevailed. The Christians of Asia Minor were accustomed to celebrate the *pascha* on the 14th day of the month—Nisan. This meant that the festival might occur on a Friday, or any other day of the week, and therefore the celebration of the resurrection would not always fall on Sunday. As the Roman Church became the leader of the churches of the West and gave uniformity to all celebrations, the Christian calendar had to be adjusted so that the *pascha* would fall on the same date everywhere, and that, Sun-

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## The Greatest of American Painters

By John Lavelle

ENGLAND has suddenly discovered that a living painter and an American, to boot, is represented by twelve paintings—the famous Wertheimer portraits—in the National Gallery. The National Gallery is the British nation's great treasure house of paintings and it now appears that space on its walls is reserved only for the works of deceased British artists who achieved notable distinction in their profession.

While the controversy as to Sargent's right to a place in the National Gallery will continue for some time, there is little doubt but that the Wertheimer portraits will remain in their present positions. After everything is said, they will remain there because John Singer Sargent learned the rudiments of his profession so well and applied them so wonderfully that he has secured for himself a place above all of his contemporaries. The British cannot deny to Sargent, living, the honor which they know full well will be his when he is dead.

Sargent was born in Florence in 1856. His father was a distinguished Boston physician. He was educated in Italy and Germany and in 1874 went to Paris to study art under Carolus-Duran. Five years later he painted a portrait of his master which Royal Cortissoz says was a worthy requital of all that Carolus-Duran had done in teaching him the rudiments of his profession.

While Sargent is known for his water colors and for his mural paintings in the Boston Library and the Library of Harvard University, his chief fame is as a portrait painter. It is in this field that he best demonstrates his ability as a draughtsman, as a colorist, as a designer, and as a pursuer of beauty. Someone has said



"Portrait of Mary, wife of Hugh Hammersley"  
By John Singer Sargent

"Fortunate is the generation that is privileged to be painted by Sargent".

There are many interesting stories told about his powers of characterization in his portraits. This one will bear repetition. His subject was an American lady. The husband of this lady had sent for a physician from Europe to see his wife whose illness had baffled all available medical skill. When the great doctor arrived, he was shown to the room where the portrait of the lady by Sargent was hung. He looked at the picture and inquired if it was the portrait of the lady he was to see. On being answered in the affirmative, he turned to the husband and said, "I can now diagnose the case before I have seen the patient. From the look in the eyes, there is only one illness from which she can be suffering". His surmise proved quite correct.

In the great gallery of men and women painted by Sargent, there is not one uninteresting figure.

They all command attention. There are statesmen, soldiers, painters, poets, actors and actresses, men of affairs, society leaders, children, and nobodies: all of them attract and hold. If his sitter is not interesting, the genius of Sargent makes him, somehow, irresistible. The point is—he makes a picture. Fred Demmler, the lamented young Pittsburgh painter who was killed during the Great War, was in Sargent's studio in London when he was doing a portrait of Lord Curzon. Sargent was apparently not satisfied with it and backing from his easel, said, "I have not made up my mind how to finish it. If I can't get enough interest out of the face, I'll put a scarlet coat on him".

The saying, "he is a born painter", in the case of Sargent as in the case of many others, contains half a



truth. He, it is certain, was endowed with technical brilliance but it was his training under Carolus-Duran, the master he came to excel, that has made him the greatest portrait painter of his time. He learned well the rudiments of his profession. To these he added originality and masterly insight and it is the synthesis of all these that makes him the greatest of American painters.

\* \* \* \*

### *The Coming International*

Every high school student should take more than a passing interest in the coming Twenty-Second Carnegie Institute International Exhibition of Paintings which will be opened in Pittsburgh April 26th. Those who are too far from Pittsburgh to visit the exhibition should at least know something about it. This exhibition is the only annual international display of paintings in America and, in fact, in the world, for the great Venetian Exhibition is held every two years. It is the only exhibition where the public, artists, critics, museum directors, and art students may see and review what is being done currently in art in all the Western nations.

This year's exhibition promises to be one of unusual interest. Homer Saint-Gaudens, Director of Fine Arts at Carnegie, returned recently from a four month's trip to Europe, during which time he visited practically all of the leading artists of the Old World to interest them in

sending works for the exhibition. Already one hundred and seventy paintings by European artists are either in Pittsburgh or on their way to this country. About one hundred and thirty American artists will be represented in the Exhibition. While England and France will, as in the past, contribute the majority of the European paintings, the number from Spain, Holland, Italy, Belgium, Norway, Sweden, and Denmark will be much larger than for some years.

Groups of students interested in attending the Exhibition in a body should write to Homer Saint-Gaudens, Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh, Pa. By so doing, it will be made possible for Mr. Saint-Gaudens to arrange to have a competent docent meet each group at the Institute. The docent will escort the members of the group through the different galleries and explain to them the

chief pictures in the Exhibition. A visit to the Exhibition in a group that is accompanied by a guide will be more enjoyable and of more value than a trip alone, and school groups in Western Pennsylvania, Eastern Ohio, and West Virginia should take advantage of this splendid opportunity.



The picture on the left is a reproduction of a portrait painting of "Madam Paul Escudier, Paris" by John Singer Sargent. This is one of Sargent's paintings which will be shown in the galleries of the Twenty-second International Exhibition to be held from April 26th until June 17th at Carnegie Institute.



## Budgets—National, State, and Municipal

A Discussion of Recent Fiscal Developments

GOVERNMENT is a necessity in human society. Necessities, with only a few seeming exceptions, must be paid for with sacrifices, financial and otherwise. And government is apparently not one of the exceptions. It costs money and other forms of sacrifice and in a complex society the expense is enormous.

The old maxim, "the least government is the best government" is of validity only when considered in relation to needs. The "least government" can be little government only under special circumstances. In a pioneer agricultural society composed of inhabitants of somewhat uniform character and ideals—especially when they are both of a high moral type—little government is required and the "least government", in an absolute sense, might be and has been advocated.

But as frontier agricultural society becomes increasingly complex, commercially, financially, and socially, more government, more political organization and control is an absolute social necessity. Anarchy, or no government, in modern complex society, as a permanently constructive idea, is perfectly absurd and hardly conceivable.

But increasing complexity and increasing political organization and control mean increasing expense. And this is where danger often arises. Sometimes the political organization becomes top-heavy and the expense unbearable and disastrous. This must be watched, and in our country as well as in others the alarm has already been sounded and the attention of thinking leaders has been directed to this question of government expense and extravagance.

Our text-books tell us that governmental expenses due to over-elaboration and involving heavy taxation have been an element in the decay of wonderful civilizations in the past. In the later Roman empire this was so much true that practically no good text fails to cite it as one of the principal causes of the decay of that wonderful system of civilization. They tell us that many fled away from civilization to escape its intolerable burdens. The number of persons engaged in government and consequently paid by taxes must always be kept down to only a very small fraction of those who pay the taxes. Otherwise, the state is in process of economic and social decay likely to be followed by political disintegration.

In many states of the United States, notably Pennsylvania, in several cities among which are Pittsburgh, and in our national government, the necessity for financial observation, study, and improvement of governmental functions has attracted attention and brought forth significant programs and efforts. The most significant program is that of a budget—a careful ad-

vance estimate of the financial necessities of the government covering a given future period of from one to four years, as the case may be.

At one time in history, budgets were unpopular and impossible to institute because the governmental heads who determined what taxes should be paid and how the money should be spent were not subject to the will nor responsible to the people. For a long time this ancient sentiment has dominated American political psychology. But our executives have been and are—supposedly at least—those of our own choice and the old idea of freedom in appropriation and expenditure is being laid aside.

For more than fifty years there has been some demand for a budget in our national government. Pressure for this reform became strong after the end of the World War. Under President Harding something like a budget plan was finally put into operation. Some of its good results are seen in the fact that our national expenditures which in 1919 and 1920 were from six to eight billion dollars and in 1921 have been calculated to have been as high as four billions, promise to be for the financial year ending June 30, 1923 only about two and one-half billion dollars and bid fair to be even less the following year.

Several years ago Governor Lowden of Illinois did pioneer work in the finance of state expenditures. At present Governor Pinchot of Pennsylvania is attracting foremost attention in such work. Before taking office, he endeavored to formulate conceptions and means for the financial operations of his coming administration. Experts were employed to formulate budget proceedings and estimates. Only with difficulty necessitating probably an increased rate of taxation can Pennsylvania at present raise in state taxes as much as one hundred and more millions of dollars. It was desired and an effort was made to keep estimates considerably within this sum. Reports from the capital indicate that this, particularly in view of increasing expenses for public schools, is a matter of great difficulty. But whatever the difficulty, a budget based on sound fiscal knowledge and comprehension is a healthy sign. In the light of history, it is highly necessary.

American municipalities growing or already grown to enormous size have financial difficulties of equal significance. The revenue necessary to maintain schools, streets, sewers, waterworks, and the organs of social protection and control is difficult to find from present sources. Our city governments must be placed in the hands of fiscal and efficiency experts. A budget system, carefully drawn up and guarded by council and mayor and given due publicity so that the problems may be realized by all, appears at present the most important fiscal device.

A. P. J.



## *The Regulations of the Athletic Leagues*

### A Survey of Replies Received on Four Important Questions

**A**N examination of the rules and regulations of the various interscholastic athletic leagues throughout the country reveals the fact that leaders in high school athletics everywhere are dominated by the desire to keep uppermost in the minds of students the feeling that athletics must not be overemphasized. Individual leagues have rules that differ in minor details, but fundamentally this spirit pervades every league.

In the interests of school athletics, and to pass on to our readers the opinions of leaders in other schools concerning certain rules that are being widely discussed, a series of four questions of pertinent interest were published in a recent issue of *THE SCHOLASTIC*. Answers, pro and con, have been received to these questions and we present herewith the opinions of the majority of those who expressed themselves.

1. QUESTION: Should an interscholastic league permit any of its individual high school members to conduct training camps for football prior to the opening of school?

The replies to this question varied, but the preponderance of opinion rested with those who opposed the conduct of training camps during the latter part of the summer. On the other hand, several persons spoke of the fact that some high schools are often forced to conduct the camps because other high schools do conduct them and immediately have an advantage over those high schools that refrain. These writers, however, felt that an agreement should be reached by the high schools of each vicinity so that none of them would conduct a camp.

One man active in athletic circles said, "No high school, because it is large or because it can get money from interested friends, should take unfair advantage of any other high school by conducting such a camp".

Mr. L. O. Kirberger, Director of Physical Education and Athletics in the schools at Yonkers, New York, a man whose opinion will be respected because of his reputation in interscholastic circles, said in answering this question, "Most certainly not; athletics in our high schools are endured only as a means to an end, and not as an end itself. Were schools to sanction such management, they would be laying themselves open to the criticism of over-emphasizing athletics. This, of course, is just what we do not want to do." Mr. Kirberger calls attention to the recent triangular agreement made between Yale, Princeton, and Harvard to eliminate entirely all pre-season training activities; after having indulged in the practice for a great many years, these three great colleges have found that the results did not warrant its continuation.

2. QUESTION: Should the townspeople and alumni

be permitted to raise funds for the high school to pay an athletic coach more money than the school board is in a position to pay?

The consensus of opinion on this question indicated opposition to such a practice on all sides. The writers seemed to feel that all athletics should be directly under the supervision of the school authorities and that such a practice would tend to bring into our high school games the professional element. Mr. Kirberger, writing on this question says, "This practice would eventually develop into one community's outbidding another for a certain successful coach; but a greater evil might result: the townspeople or alumni who invested that money in the coach might feel inclined to replace their contribution by betting on the team. This condition would be most undesirable in our high schools."

3. QUESTION: What should be the age limit for competition in high school athletics? This question was almost unanimously answered "21". There are leagues in the country which have lowered the age limit to 20 on the grounds that every boy should complete his high school work before he reaches that age, but in view of the fact that the schools are open to the boy, by law, until he is 21, it naturally follows that disbarment should not come until that time.

4. QUESTION: Should a high school athlete, if he fails subjects compelling him to require five years to complete his high school education, be permitted to compete in athletics during his fifth year?

This question has resulted in many answers, both on the affirmative and on the negative side, but the majority seems to rest with those who believe a boy should not be entitled to more than four years of high school competition. Those who favored permitting five years' participation believed that a student is entitled to all the benefits of the high school as long as he is connected with it and that another year on an athletic team is often helpful to the student. The opponents of this stand stated that a student's taking part in athletics the fifth year deprives another student who is doing good work in school from receiving the recognition and experience that he deserves. Mr. Kirberger is included among those who believe that no student should be permitted more than four years of scholastic competition and that no post-graduate should be allowed on a school athletic team.

Perhaps the answers to these questions as set forth in this article do not represent the opinions of all our readers—at any rate they represent the opinions of those who took the trouble to write to us. If you agree with these statements, or if you disagree, write and tell us about it.





Anne and Gloria posed for these pictures just before the "prom". Anne's feet aren't really that large! Gloria's middle name is "simplicity".

HIGH School social functions should always be marked by an atmosphere of refinement and lack of ostentation as that always associated with the happenings of well-bred older folk. The Junior "Prom" or Senior Reception or whatever outstanding event a school holds in the spring should reach the very zenith of correctness.

Of course, there will be a receiving line: the superintendent of schools, the principal of the high school, and the class sponsor, with their wives, or persons who accompany them. An usher meets the guest, makes sure of her name, then introduces her to the superintendent, who is first in the receiving line. The young lady just introduced presents her gentleman escort, saying the names, but never using "Meet Mr. Smith"; the superintendent then introduces the guest to his wife and the guest in turn introduces her escort; in this manner the young lady and her escort pass down the line. "How do you do?" is the usual form of greeting. After being received, the students go to the ball room.

## The Junior Prom

By

Mrs. Chester B. Story

Dress Economist,

Joseph Horne Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Vivid colors—lace, chiffon, georgette, crepe—only a few black frocks which will bring out more intensely the gayer colors will be seen. Metal costumes of gold brocade or gold or silver lace may be chosen, but the more summery materials will predominate.

Short frocks will not be very evident, but long, slenderizing draped ones which give a charm of grace and dignity to the girls.

Bright-colored ostrich fans, or dainty lace ones may give a needed touch of color. Girls will wear the one-strap silver or gold slippers or satin ones of black or color matching the costume; hose will be of flesh color or the same color as the slippers.

Hair dressed simply and unadorned is in the best taste although bands of ribbon of silver or bands of color matching the costume may give variety to the coiffures.

But after all, our chief reason for picturing this function in advance is to find our four types—Rosa, Gloria, Bab, Anne—and see how they are dressed for the occasion.

*Rosa* is wearing a deep cream-colored lace frock which is made over two or three layers of chiffon. The one nearest the lace is yellow, the two under layers are of deep rose. The effect is an apricot which is effective with dark hair and eyes and a cream skin. At the side of the dress, attached by one corner are two oblong pieces of chiffon of yellow and lavender. The lavender is the accidental touch of color which gives character to the frock.

*Gloria*, our blonde girl, is wearing a chiffon dress of pale blue—violet-periwinkle blue we called it last year. A silver ribbon outlines the frock; it has to an exceptional degree the rare quality of simplicity.

*Bab*, is wearing taffeta of a soft yellow-pink, changeable with pink and yellow lights and shadows. The touch of deep purple trimming is possible because the thin net gives transparency and lightness. A purple



silk or crepe would not be effective. Tiny bunches of violets break the lines in an interesting way and give a desired party effect to the dress. Quaintness is the thought expressed.

*Anne* is in her favorite flowing, soft draperies—an apple-green chiffon with touches of silver, a bit of sapphire blue and silver slippers. There is a bright, interesting trimming of pink shades and peacock blue at the waist. The blending of the colors in this flat trimming give piquancy to the costume without detracting from its daintiness.

The gayety and happiness of the occasion will be increased by the attractive clothes you wear. Surely amongst all the fascinating things displayed for your selection, you can find *your* dress.

\* \* \* \*

Hundreds of girls continue to ask me again and again to describe "types" as they predominate among girls. At the risk of repeating what I have often mentioned before, I shall reiterate the "types" and designate briefly the colors to which each type is best adapted.

*Fair-blonde* — hair, flaxen or golden; complexion, clear, little color; eyes, blue, gray or brown. Colors: black of high lustre, as satin; white, clear or oyster; brown, dark shades and green-brown or bronze; blue, all shades, not too brilliant, turquoise and peacock; green, both light and dark; gray, dove and warm shades; heliotrope, lavender, wisteria and blue violet; dark and brilliant red, like tomato; only very pale yellow; pink, all delicate tints from lightest to Made-line rose.—This is Gloria.

*Titian Blonde*—hair, red; eyes,

blue, gray or brown; complexion, medium. Colors: Transparent black; white, cream and ivory; deep, dark brown—no tans and yellow-browns; blue, gray midnight or darkest navy—soft, silent tones; if complexion is clear, lightest lavender or violet; no red unless dull henna; apricot, amber, flesh pink.—This is Bab.

*Blonde-brunette*—"In between type"—hair, light chestnut or brown tone; eyes hazel, gray, blue-gray, or brown; complexion, medium. Colors: Black with trimmings of color; white, with pink tint; golden brown and pinkish tan; blue, but not intense; blue-green; gray, blue and green; avoid gray and black combinations; darkest shades of purple; lavender if complexion is clear; dark red; palest yellow, avoid ecru and pongee tints.—This is Anne.

*Olive-brunette*—Hair, dark brown or black; eyes, clear brown or black; complexion, dark in tone; skin, smooth; lips, very deep red, sometimes with a purplish tinge. Colors: Black is not good; white very good, especially ivory and cream; mahogany red with cream for collar; very dark blue; green, dark, silent tones; warm gray; purple, the color of egg-plant; reds, especially dark warm shades; light tans, sandlewood, beige, if complexion is not sallow; apricot, especially in chiffon or georgette.—This is Rosa.

Every person is distinctly a color type. The color is decided by hair, eyes, or skin. In some persons the eyes make the strongest appeal; in others the hair; in a few, the skin. Decide which gives the strongest color note and play up to it.

Distinction in dress, which proclaims you as being a definite personality, can be attained by dressing to bring out your known good qualities.



"Bab, Rosa's back and Rosa herself". Bab gives the impression of "quaintness", but we'll wager she isn't a wall flower. There are two or three "layers" to Rosa's dress of apricot shade.



## Lord Cecil and the League of Nations

Some Information About The League's Present Status

SCARCELY have we finished talking about the recent visit to our country of the French war premier, Georges Clemenceau, before another distinguished European visits us to enlist our closer participation in European affairs. Lord Robert Cecil, the foremost British advocate of the League of Nations, arrived in the United States on March 28th. What is the purpose of his visit? Let him speak for himself:—"I want to explain the League, smooth out difficulties regarding its principles and popularize the cause in your country; also to find out what Americans think of the League of Nations."

When M. Clemenceau was here we heard little about the League; more was said in justification of French policy. Significantly, the Clemenceau visit directly preceded the French advance into the Ruhr. While M. Clemenceau has little faith in the immediate efficacy of the League, Lord Cecil is devoting his career to advancing its cause. These two men, personify the two conflicting forces in world affairs today: the one representing *realism* in its conception of human affairs: aggressive nationalism, international regulation by the old system of "secret alliances," and "balance of power"; the other representing *idealism* in its conception of human affairs: co-operative internationalism, and international regulation through a league with all the functions of any government.

No matter where each of us may stand in the range of opinions on the League of Nations—from ardent advocacy to bitter opposition—let us give respectful hearing to what Lord Cecil may say. To prepare our minds for his message, let us ask ourselves a few questions about the League.

How permanent is the League in its organization at this date? There is a permanent secretariat with an organization and permanent quarters working daily at Geneva, Switzerland. This organization publishes its reports; prepares for the annual meetings of the League

Assembly, and acts as a clearing house for governments, organizations, or individuals seeking information on international political issues that are in the hands of the League for settlement; it furnishes data on such international problems as transportation, economic resources, racial and social problems. This need for an international fact-finding and distributing agency is alone so great that in this single function the League is rendering valuable service. The permanent League staff has the significant possibilities of becoming the machinery for directing impartial expert surveys and researches in many fields all over the world.

What has the League done in a judicial capacity to settle international disputes? It has settled in the first three years of its existence, several serious disputes in Europe, each loaded with possibilities of war. There was the dispute between Finland and Sweden over the Aland Islands; another between Germany and Poland over Upper Silesia; between Yugoslavia and Albania over frontiers. The League's latest problem is the financial rehabilitation of bankrupt Austria; through the efforts of the League eight or ten powers agreed to underwrite a loan of 25,000,000 pounds. The nations surrounding Austria agreed to abstain from aggression.

The League has also made investigations and passed recommendations on such questions as white slavery, the drug evil, transportation.

What is the real status of the League today? It has permanent machinery in a Supreme Council, an Assembly, a Secretariat. It has had some experience, but it does not have full sovereign power to execute on its own initiative, which power still remains within each individual state in the League. What does it need *most immediately* to enlarge its influence? Lord Cecil answers for us: "My conception is that the *whole world* should be in the League. I am just as great an advocate for Germany to enter as the United States."

P. F. S.

## Easter and Passover

(Continued from page 7)

day. A Council at Arles 314 A.D. had said it would be a desirable thing "if the pascha of the Lord should be observed on one day and at one time throughout the world". The Council of Nicea, 325 A.D. fixed the date as the Sunday immediately following the fourteenth day of the so-called paschal moon, which happens on or first after the vernal equinox. Therefore, since the vernal equinox falls invariably on March 21, Easter can not occur earlier than March 22 and no later than April 25.

At the present time the religious festivities of the paschal season in the Greek and Latin churches involve substantially the same elements as the ancient observ-

ance of the day. In varying degrees in Christian churches (including now practically all Protestant churches) solemn rites beginning on Friday precede the services on Sunday. How far the Easter festival has kept in many lands, or has revived, the primitive religious practices and ceremonies connected with the coming back of nature to life, and celebrates in symbols of new life, and in colors, the joy of spring, is too well known to be described. The history of these age-long customs of many peoples is by no means uninteresting.

\* \* \* \*

G. B. H.

Duty on steel rails in Australia is 35 s. per ton for those coming from England, and 75s. per ton for those coming from the United States.



## Question of Mexico

(Continued from page 6)

There is also a third phase of the historical development of our policies toward newly established governmental régimes. This is the phase inaugurated by President Wilson. The *moral* criterion became the cardinal condition for recognition in this new policy. The Huerta régime in Mexico was alleged to have been established by criminal means. The United States was therefore morally bound not only to refuse to recognize the régime but to aid in the elimination of General Huerta from the place of power in Mexico, at least temporarily. Personal representatives of President Wilson were forthwith dispatched to Mexico to demand the well-known conditions: an immediate armistice between the different factions; guarantees for an immediate presidential election conducted strictly according to constitutional methods; and the absolute elimination of General Huerta from the presidential campaign. President Wilson has stoutly denied that this procedure was tantamount to intervention or an unjustifiable interference with the sovereign rights of Mexico. His sole desire, he maintained, was to help Mexico rid herself of an illegally established régime and establish one along truly constitutional and democratic lines. The same policy, Belaunde observes, was followed in the case of the Tonoco régime in Costa Rico by President Wilson; but was not followed by him in the case of the Leguia régime in Peru. Belaunde surmises that the reason for the deviation from this policy in the latter case may have been the desire of Wilson to remain on good terms with Peru at the time when the League of Nations was holding its first meeting.

It may be said with Belaunde, and without entering into the merits or demerits of his position in this article, that the whole subject of recognition of new American governmental régimes should be a question for collective rather than separate action of the American nations. Such collective action, having due regard for the continuation of truly democratic régimes, would eliminate the bane of all political governments in Hispanic America: dictatorships and personal régimes. Personal autocracies ought, according to Belaunde, to cease in Hispanic America and the only way to do this is through collective action of the Pan-American states.

—N. A. N. C.

## The News Caldron

In this issue of *The SCHOLASTIC* the articles of the News Caldron are scattered throughout the entire issue instead of being printed on adjacent pages. The articles are, however, prepared as usual by the members of the faculty of the College of the University of Pittsburgh, including: J. F. Dilworth, Geo. B. Hatfield, A. P. James, M. K. McKay, Paul F. Shupp, N. A. N. Clevén.

## Pick-ups from the Editor's Desk

Our news from Latin Clubs in the high schools of the country seems to be mighty scarce. Latin has been both a popular and a required subject in our high schools since they were first established. Why aren't Latin Clubs as numerous as French and Spanish Clubs? The Latin Club literature that reaches the editor's desk indicates that boys are more interested in the classics than girls. The Latin Club *Bulletin* has been published bi-weekly by the students of the Louisville (Ky.) Male High School for five years, and the boys of this high school are among the leaders in the Kentucky Classical Association which recently conducted a Classical Exhibit at Berea College (Ky.). Furthermore, the Fourth Annual Bi-State Latin Contest which is open to high school students of Indiana and Kentucky is to be held in the Louisville Male High School April 13th. The "Forum Latinum" published by the Classical Club of the Boys High School of Brooklyn is another indication of the activity of boys in Latin Clubs. The girls, however, may thank "Mercurius", the publication of the Virgil Class of the Mishawaka (Ind.) High School for upholding their end of this type of work. A girl, Evelen Diroll, is editor of "Mercurius" and Miss June Eddingfield is the teacher under whose direction the publication is issued. Let's hear from more of the Latin Clubs. What are they doing that other schools would like to hear about?

\* \* \* \*

The "History of Bisbee" has reached our desk. It deserves commendation as a history of the town of Bisbee, N. D., prepared in the form of interviews with pioneers of the town by the students of the high school. Mary Graham Lund is the teacher under whose direction the publication was produced.

\* \* \* \*

Miss Mary Bonham, Principal of the Asbury H. S. (Va.), suggests a plan for making debating, classroom work in oral composition, and public speaking more interesting. She suggests that the class or club purchase a valuable pin to be given to the best debater or speaker to be retained by him until someone else defeats him. Miss Bonham has used this plan successfully.

\* \* \* \*

One of the requirements for graduation from McLain H. S., Greenfield, Ohio, states that every student must appear publicly before an audience consisting of his fellow-students and give a declamation or a prepared talk or oration. We call that a good idea.

\* \* \* \*

The *Gleam* of the Johnson High School of Saint Paul, Minnesota, is an especially attractive and interesting publication because it is printed and published by the students of that high school in their own print shop.



## Doubtful Dollars

By Crittenden Marriott

In Two Parts—Part Two

THE next morning dawned darkly. The sun was invisible, and the light filtered dimly through heavy clouds that lowered upon the house. It was as Persis remarked, exactly the proper weather to go searching for pirate gold.

But as the three started down the steps Persis stopped abruptly.

"Good gracious," she exclaimed. "I forgot to 'phone my marketing order. We may or may not find that tainted money, but we've certainly got to eat." Then she laughed. "Don't look so broken-hearted, you two," she mocked. "Run along. I'll get through quicker if you're not here; and I'll be after you in a few minutes.

Hancock looked a protest, but apparently decided not to make it; and he and Roger "went along," while Persis turned back into the house.

She did not go to the telephone, however. Instead, she watched from a convenient window at the side of the house until the men were well off. Then she ran to the door at the head of the cellar steps.

"Oh, Chief," she called. "Will you and Susie come up?"

Stumbling footsteps answered and a tall rawboned man with a badge, "Chief Constable," pinned to his O. D. shirt came up, followed by a slender, gangling girl of about sixteen.

When they reached the ground floor Persis had run up to the second.

"Sit down for a minute, Chief," she called over the banisters. "Susie you come up here, quick!"

Susie obeyed and the two vanished into Persis' room.

Five minutes later the two reappeared and hastened down the stairs. Both had shifted their costumes, Persis changing to another dress, and Susie assuming the dress and hat that Persis had just taken off. At a little distance she could easily be mistaken for Persis.

The latter wasted no time. "Now, you understand what you are to do, Susie," she said swiftly. "Don't run or anything like that, but go quickly till you get around the turn in the path, where my brother and Mr. Hancock can see you coming. Then go slowly. I want the men to think that you are me as long as possible. Don't look back at the house, or they may suspect. You understand?"

"Yes'm. I understand, Miss Persis."

"Then, hurry."

Susie hurried. Watching from the window, Persis and the chief saw that she was obeying orders carefully. Meanwhile, they talked.

"Nothing will happen till she's out of sight, Chief," said Persis. "After that, anything may."

"What's anything, ma'am? There's somethin' danged queer about this here case. What's goin' to happen?"

"I don't know, Chief," Persis' breath was coming faster. "Nothing to Susie, of course. But—well, I've my suspicions. Somebody's been working up a lovely scheme to get us all out of the house; and I'm letting him think he's succeeded. That's why I'm expecting ructions, Chief—ructions! I hope you brought your pistol."

"I did, Miss Persis. I sure did." The chief exhibited a heavy revolver.

"It did good work in Cuba twenty-odd years ago. But I'm getting old, now; and—Well, I'm kinder worried. This thing's so danged funny—"

Suspicion dawned in Persis' eyes. "You've learned something, Chief!" she exclaimed.

But the chief shook his head. "Well, no ma'am Miss Persis," he said. "I ain't learned nothin'. But that ain't sayin' I ain't heard nothin'. You remember when you called me on the 'phone yesterday?"

"Yes, I remember!" Persis remembered very well. It had been about half an hour after Hancock Leelands had left town to get his suitcase.

"Well, ma'am! You told me that somethin' was due to happen this mornin' and you wanted me an' Susie to come out here before anybody was up; an' you said you'd be watchin' and would let us in an' all that?"

"Yes!" Persis felt suddenly breathless. Somehow, she felt that adventure was impending.

"Well! You hadn't more'n left the 'Phone when a gentleman came in an' told me he was your cousin from Virginia—"

"What?"

Outside the house Susie was turning the curve in the path. But both Persis and the chief had forgotten her.

### A Synopsis of Chapter One

A stranger came to the Leelands home, outside of Boston, purporting to be a cousin from Virginia and calling himself Hancock Leelands. He said he had learned of a hidden treasure on the Leelands estate, and showed a map indicating that gold was hidden not far from the house.

This story fitted in well with the story that Roger and his sister Persis, who lived alone in the old home, had heard from their parents.

During the war, Roger and Persis were both in the service and had left the house closed up. When Roger returned and opened the house, he encountered a man in the cellar who, without provocation, shot him, injured him slightly, and escaped.

This incident was recalled by Roger upon the appearance of the stranger. Both Roger and Persis felt that Hancock was an impostor, but permitted him to come into their home and plan to dig for the treasure.



"Yes, ma'am. That's what he said. An' he said that he was stayin' with Mr. Roger, an' that he was afraid somethin' was goin' to happen here this mornin', and he wanted me to come out an' keep watch on the house an' on you in particular."

"On me?"

"Yes, ma'am! He asked me if I knew you an' I said yes; an' he said then I'd understand when he said that he s'picioned you was up to some deviltry and that he was afraid—"

"Some deviltry! The impudent wretch!" Persis' eyes rounded. Then slowly a little crinkly smile began to twitch the corners of her mouth. Moreover, to her astonishment, a sudden glow warmed her heart. "The dear boy!" she murmured. "I don't believe he's a villain after all."

"Eh?" The chief looked bewildered. Involuntarily Persis had spoken aloud. "What'd you say, ma'am?"

"Nothing. Go on, please. He was afraid—"

"He was afraid you was goin' to stay alone in the house, an' he made me promise to be here an' keep a sharp eye on you unbeknown like! An' he waved to me from the window as I come to the house this mornin'—"

"Well! Of all the—" Persis broke off.

From the window she had seen a dilapidated spring wagon with a lolling driver and a horse that looked altogether too good for the rest of the outfit approaching from the back and side of the house.

"Hurry! Hurry!" she cried. "We haven't a minute to lose."

With unexpected strength she grasped the chief by the arm and fairly dragged him to the cellar steps and down them.

"I told you so," she panted. "Quick! Quick! Before he follows us."

"Yes, ma'am. But why should he follow us down here?"

"Because the man that shot Roger last year was hiding in the cellar when Roger chanced on him," snapped the girl. "Listen!" She raised her hand. Then, "He's coming in the kitchen door!" she went on. "Quick! You know where to go."

The chief did, for he scurried across the cellar and crouched down behind a couple of barrels. Simultaneously Persis slipped into a sort of storeroom that stood against one of the walls and was partitioned off from the rest of the cellar. She latched the door behind her and hurried, pistol in hand, to a peep-hole made in haste the afternoon before, and she did not know till later that she had left some tell-tale scraps of wood on the floor just below it.

She did not have long to wait. The intruder, whoever he was, was in a hurry. Down the cellar steps he clattered.

But at their foot he stopped, not six feet from the peep-hole, and swept the cellar with the keenest eyes that Persis had ever seen.

Breathless, heart in mouth, she watched him. Frightened she was, but not too frightened to study his features and his figure.

"Yes!" she told herself. "He looks just like Roger says the man that shot him looked; and if he had a beard and long hair he'd look just like Hancock says that the preacher looked."

The man's eyes seemed to rest for an instant on the barrels behind which the chief lay hidden; then they swept across the cellar slowly, scanning, so far as Persis could guess, the two lines of brick pillars that divided the cellar into four parts and that served to support the girders on which the beams of the first floor rested.

Whatever he saw seemed to satisfy him, for he nodded slightly and let his eyes range on. They passed across the peep-hole, swiftly, but with such sharp scrutiny that Persis gasped for an instant almost believing that they saw through the tiny hole into her brain and knew that she waited there.

Without pausing, however, they swept on to the stone wall, where they dropped to the floor and then came back. Just below the peep-hole they paused for an instant, staring reflectively. Later, Persis knew what they had seen there.

Then, with a nod, the intruder began slowly to take off his coat. Holding it, he looked about him again, as if seeking a hook or a nail on which to hang it. Apparently he found one, for he took a step or two forward, raised his arm—and instantly Persis found her view cut off. He had hung the coat directly over the peep-hole.

Startled, frightened, wondering whether he had done it by chance or with knowledge and intention, Persis shrank back. Then, before she could take even a first step toward the door of the storeroom, she heard a faint click—the click of the dead latch in the lock of the storeroom door.

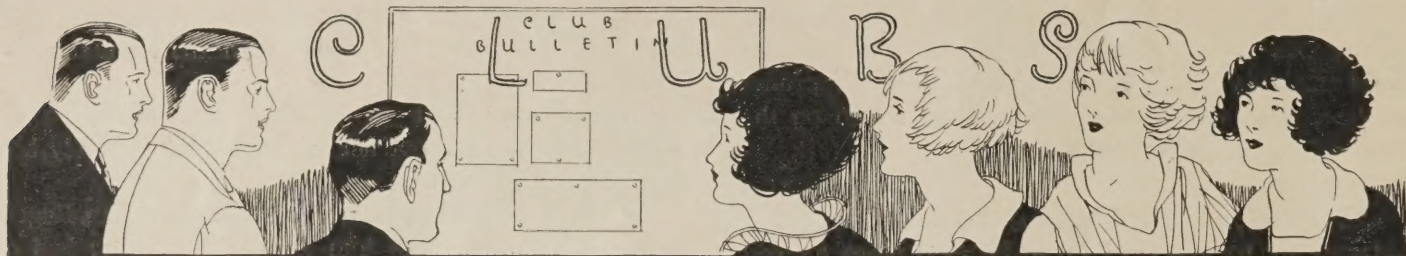
He knew! Persis's heart stood still, then raced madly. What should she do? What could she do? Her pistol was useless! And the door was too strongly built to be broken open by her slight strength. What else—?

"Drop that pistol! Hands up! Quick!" Short and sharp an alien voice, clearly that of the intruder, came from across the cellar. Other sounds followed, which Persis read only too easily. Somehow, she was sure, the intruder had known that the cellar was guarded. Probably he had seen the chief and Susie arrive! He had locked her in and now he had the drop upon the chief. Persis's cheek reddened with mortification.

Again the voice: "That's right! Stand up! Keep your hands high! Cross to that storehouse door."

(Please turn to page 21)





## Spanish Club

### *Lenguaje del Abanico*

The Spanish woman can carry on a long and involved conversation with her fan, which is a necessary adjunct to even the most simple toilette. Here are a few of the things she says. Abanicándose con calma—No me olvides. Cerrarlo rápidamente—Hable Ud. con papá. Guardar el abanico en el bolsillo—

No salgo hoy de paseo. Sacarle del bolsillo—Saldré de casa. Dar el abanico al novio—Mi corazón es solo tuyo.

Abierto, tapándose parte del rostro—

Todo ha concluido entre los dos. Dándose golpecitos en la palma de la mano izquierda—Me eres simpatiquísimo. Dándose golpecitos en la palma de la mano derecha—Te odio.

Hacer como cuenta las varillas—

Deseo hablar contigo.

Cerrado, pasarle despacio por los ojos—

Te observo que miras a otra.

Jugar con el abanico—Estoy impaciente.

### *Lenguaje de las Flores.*

In Spain, especially in the south, "Dígalos con flores" becomes a real and vivid conversation. Some of the more common flowers and their meanings are

Botón de azucena ..... Perdón  
Ciprés ..... Dolor  
Clavel blanco .... Sois mi divinidad  
Heliotropo ..... Yo te amo  
Lirio amarillo ..... Tierna amistad  
Lirio blanco ..... No me olvides  
Magnolia ..... Simpatía  
Miosotis ..... Acuérdate de mí  
Rosa sin espinas .. No puedo resistir

Rosa—Una blanca y otra roja—El fue—go de vuestros mirados ha penetrado en mi corazón.

### *Chistes.*

#### *Economía política.*

Pregunta el profesor a uno de sus discípulos.

—Si un obrero puede terminar una obra en cincuenta días, ¿en cuánto tiempo la terminarán cincuenta trabajadores?

—Es imposible saberlo.

—¿Por qué?

—Porque si fueran cincuenta, probablemente se declararían huelga.

*En visita.*

En el salón de la mamá de Tonino, hay varias señoras. La mamá ofrece dulces y pasteles a sus amigas, y una, sobre todo, come a reventar de cuanto la brindan. Tonino, que la está observando hace rato, se acerca a ella y la dice:

—¿Cómo me gustaría ser igual que tú!

—¿Por qué, encanto?

—Para poder venir de visita y comer tantos dulces, sin miedo de que me regañe mamá.

—Mary D. Potter

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## French Club

### *Les apparences trompent*

L'anglais, d'après Alexandre Dumas père, n'est que le français mal prononcé. En effet, beaucoup de mots dans les deux langues se ressemblent comme deux gouttes d'eau. Tels sont la plupart des mots qui se terminent en:

*able*: capable, indispensable, fable.

*ace*: race, place, surface.

*ade*: barricade, cascade.

*acle*: miracle, oracle, obstacle.

*age*: image, courage, sage.

*al*: loyal, provincial.

*ance*: balance, substance.

*ant*: distant, important.

*ent*: agent, instrument.

*ible*: terrible, horrible, visible.

*ice*: vice, police, justice.

*ile*: agile, fragile, projectile.

*ine*: mine, marine.

*ion*: lion, nation, attraction.

*ude*: attitude, servitude.

*ule*: mule, ridicule, vestibule.

Tous ces mots ont et la même orthographe et la même signification dans les deux langues. Mais il y a pas mal de mots français qui n'ont nullement la même signification que les mots anglais correspondants—jugez plutôt: ride (wrinkle, ripple)—bribe (hunk of bread)—coin (corner)—fat (fop, coxcomb)—or (gold, now)—pour (for)—four (oven)—cave (cellar)—

vague (wave)—caution (bail)—bail (lease)—main (hand)—pain (bread)—ail (garlic)—grief (grievance)—habit (coat)—as (ace)—an (year)—gale (itch, scab)—bard (hand-barrow)—dire (to say)—mare (pool)—sable (sand)—lame (blade, sword)—legs (legacy)—rate (spleen)—laid (ugly)—vie (life)—sort (fate)—rang (rank)—fond (bottom, background)—raisin (grapes)—p r u n e (plum)—chair (flesh)—singer (to mimic)—sang (blood)—sale (dirty)—ours (bear)—ton (your, tone)—son (his, bran)—cap (promontory)—lit (bed)—dot (dowry)—lie (dregs)—lime (file)—bride (reins)—reins (kidneys)—dent (tooth)—cane (female duck)—brick (brig)—pie (magpie)—fit (made, did)—bout (tip)—fin (end)—case (pigeon-hole, etc.)—lecture (reading)—pin (pine-tree)—rave (radish)—fade (insipid)—court (short)—courtier (broker, agent)—pair (peer)—but (goal, aim)—car (for)—ballot (bale)—chat (cat)—noise (quarrel, squabble), etc., etc. [c'est-à-dire, ce sont là tous les exemples que je me rappelle].

*Faim—femme.*

Un Anglais entre dans un restaurant—point n'est besoin de dire dans quel but. Il s'attable et appelle un garçon.

—Monsieur désire?

—J'ai une femme!

—J'espère que madame se porte bien?

—Je suis fameux!

—Je suis bien aise de le savoir, monsieur.

—Je suis femme!

—Alors madame s'habille d'une façon très étrange.

Là-dessus, l'Anglais a sorti . . . son dictionnaire de poche, ou il a fini par trouver l'expression convenable, à savoir: *J'ai faim.*

—David Alpern

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## Hi-Y Club

It is drawing toward close of the "indoor season" and most clubs will soon be finding it wise to discontinue regular weekly meetings. This being the case, all should pull together and



make the last regular meetings of the year really and truly successful. Finish the season with lots of pep and be ready to begin activities next September with a valuable club spirit.

We will have something to say in the next issue about occasional meetings that might be held out-of-doors.

The following news items may give some ideas as to ways in which individuals and clubs can be of service—

"Bill was the pest of his school. If there was any trouble anywhere he was always in it. The officers were somewhat hesitant about taking him into the membership of the Hi-Y Club, because he seemed always to be a source of rough-house and trouble. However, he was taken into the club and he gradually changed. He has been a remarkable influence for good with all his old associates."

"In a small town high school the Hi-Y fellows felt that swearing was a problem needing attention. They talked it over. Their decision was that each one of them make a personal fight against it in his own life first. A short time later they felt able quietly to help others and thus spread influence for clean speech."

"Following an address on 'Clean Living' in a certain high school, the eleven leading older fellows of the senior class had a special meeting in the principal's office. They there agreed to take a stand against cigarette smoking in or near the high school by school fellows. They called a meeting of the boys of the senior class and put the proposition up to them with no adults present and all voted that hereafter any boy caught smoking a cigarette within four blocks of the high school should go up in the Assembly Room and write his name on the blackboard and leave it there for the day. In case he did not do this, one of the original eleven boys was to write his name for him and do it in yellow chalk. A great change in the morale of the school took place."

"Bob was a husky fellow, quarter-back on the championship team. He became a member of the Hi-Y Club. The Club activities appealed to him and he became very much interested. He had never been in a church in his life. He developed slowly until just before Christmas he gave a little talk at the Club. He has since joined the Church of his choice."

R. L. Williams.

## Radio Wavelets

The new radio legislation will probably be in effect soon. The White Radio Bill H. R. Number 13-773, on the whole is favorable to the amateurs, whose interests have been well looked after by some of the best legal and engineering talent. The amateur, far from being an under dog might be the blue ribbon winner at a bench show judging by some of the testimony recently reported from various committee meetings, where the great work done by amateurs in the development of the art received full recognition. Great care is being taken that the new laws shall work no hardship to any class, and that no undue check shall be put upon the intelligent and worthy non-professional experimenter.

One feature of the bill is that fees will be charged for licenses of various kinds, but no one who enjoys special privilege under a just law will object to paying the small sum asked to insure the benefits provided by that law. Licenses for transmitting stations range from only \$2.50 for a small amateur station to \$300.00 for a trans-oceanic station. Operators' licenses cost from \$1.00 for amateurs to \$2.50 for first class commercial ones.

The bill provides for an Advisory Committee to the Secretary of Commerce. The number of members, originally twelve, was increased by amendment to fifteen in order to include a representative from the Shipping board, one from the Treasury Department and one who is not a government official.

It is probable that the Government will give up some of the wave lengths heretofore reserved by it for the use of amateur and commercial broadcasting, which will go far toward reducing interference.

\* \* \*

The old reliable crystal receiving set is still popular. For reception within a radius not exceeding 25 to 30 miles of a good broadcasting station it answers the requirements of most of the invisible audience. It is within reach of the purse of the poorest and is the only equipment possible for thousands.

Now comes an inventor claiming to have produced a simple and cheap amplifier for crystal sets, amplifying the sound and increasing radius many

times without the use of bulbs. If successful the crystal set will be in high favor, for its simplicity, clarity of tone and freedom from distortion are undeniable.

—H. A. Calderwood

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## Doggie Warren

(Continued from page 5)

feel it necessary to lower the standard of your work. May I ask, whom in particular you wish to impress?"

The inflection of his voice struck the flint of Betsy's purpose and kindled in her a strange and flaming anger. With all the passion of the usually serene and sweet-tempered, she flew at her tormentor. She forgot that Mr. Warren was her teacher and superior; she forgot the habit of fear. Her eyes blazed.

"If I said things like that, I'd expect to be disliked. I've always felt sorry for you because I thought you were unhappy; but you don't deserve anything else. Of course *you* don't care! But *I* want people to like me. I want it more than anything else in the world! I want boys to like me, because you can't be one of the crowd unless boys, as well as girls, like you. Oh," her voice quivered in its quiet intensity, "I detest Latin! I hate school! What's the use of a ninety-eight per cent scholarship—what's the use of anything, if people dislike you for it?"

She paused, breathless, and waited for him to strike back. She knew how he could make words hurt—without excuse, usually—and she expected the worst, but cared not at all. He rose from his seat at the desk and turned his gray eyes upon her. They were like cold and gleaming steel.

"That will do! Do you know the penalty of impudence to a member of the faculty?"

Betsy's dark eyes challenged his.

"Are *you* ever courteous? Can impudence offend a—a steam-roller or a war-tank? Of course you may have me expelled, but I am going to tell you that you are the most disagreeable person I ever met, and 'Doggie Warren' isn't as bad a nickname as you deserve!"

She turned and marched steadily out of the room, leaving the object of her arraignment staring after her, his face a curious mixture of fury and amazement. Recovering his breath he started after her; then he halted, ruffled up his hair with a quick gesture of indecision. His



ferocity of expression slowly gave way to a sardonic grin. "Well, can you beat that!" he finally ejaculated in a most unprofessorly fashion.

At eight o'clock that evening a tall, dignified young man with a do-or-die cast of countenance called at a little flat on a quiet street on the South Side. A genial little man of middle-aged rotundity, unquestionably Betsy's father, answered the bell, and peered over the tops of horn-rimmed glasses at the young man who asked if Miss Daymon lived here.

"Miss Daymon—er Betsy? Yes."

"I am Mr. Warren, one of her instructors at the E. H. S. I have called to—"

"Why certainly," interrupted Mr. Daymon, beaming cordially and extending his hand. "Step right in. This is indeed a pleasure!... Here, have a seat," and he pulled forward an inviting chair and gently but firmly took the caller's hat. "Well, well," he continued. "Betsy will be sorry to have missed this, I know. We have so little company, and she thinks so much of her teachers."

This was rather disconcerting to one who had called for the purpose of threshing out a matter of impudence to a member of the faculty. He hesitated, and his host continued apologetically after a slight pause.

"I hope you do not mind the assumption that you are willing to be entertained by me. You see," he explained a little anxiously, "the kid wasn't feeling like herself this evening—couldn't eat a bite of dinner—and went to bed an hour ago with a bad headache. I can't understand it for she is never sick. I suspected something had gone wrong at school, but she wouldn't say. She never complains. I do know that she studies too hard," and he looked at the caller for a veto.

This too, was hardly an auspicious cue for a complaint. The gentle host, noting Mr. Warren's diffidence, sought to draw him out.

"Let's see—you teach—?"

"Latin," supplied the teacher briefly.

"Oh, yes, I should have remembered. Betsy's pretty good at Latin. We used to have great times, studying it together during her first two years at high school; then she got beyond me. It beats the Dutch how that child sails ahead in spite of her handicap! You see, she keeps house for us since her mother died two years ago; does every stroke of work here except the laundry. Blest if I

can see how she manages it! She's like her mother there."

Professor Warren became alert. To a young man, however cynical, who had struggled through an orphaned boyhood, drudged and fought his way through college; who had begun teaching while still so young that black neckties and assumed gruffness were necessary to compel deference in a class-room; to one who spent long hours of nightly delving in weighty volumes which were to win for him the coveted Ph. D. degree and free him from the despised routine of teaching, a handicap was a point of sympathy and understanding.

"You don't mean to say," he began earnestly, as his eyes quickly detailed the cleanliness and order of the little flat. "Surely your daughter—I had no idea that Miss Daymon, maintaining such remarkable grades in school, could have outside responsibilities."

Mr. Daymon nodded regretfully. "It doesn't seem quite fair, but she insists that it is fun, and that she would get lonesome without plenty to do. It won't be so bad when we get better acquainted and she has some young friends, but she is a little shy. I do all I can—we're great pals—but it isn't the same."

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Professor Warren had decided to interview Elizabeth Daymon the following day and assure her of his willingness to overlook—since it was her first offence—the deplorable outbreak which had resulted in his call at the Daymon flat and its unexpected outcome. He had stayed until a surprisingly late hour, and had left with the feeling of having enjoyed himself. He had—quite without intention—told his kindly host much of his personal history, and had confided his aims and ambitions. He had, in fact, promised Mr. Daymon that he would call again. He had not hinted at his original purpose in calling. He felt the situation was a little absurd. However, with no desire to admit, even to himself, a sensation of guilt, he was perfectly willing as a gentleman to dispose of the disagreement in a quiet and dignified way. Without doubt the matter demanded some recognition; in all his four years of teaching he had never met with such fluent and astounding temerity in a student!... Gritty little kid, though. ... Perhaps he had been just a little too—. But she was the last one in her class from whom he would have expected such an

outburst of spunk. Well, he would see her tomorrow and tell her that they would consider the incident closed.

Betsy was at school the next day, but she did not appear for recitation with her class in Virgil. He learned that evening that she had begged permission to be transferred to another class in fourth-year Latin, refusing to give cause, and being denied had promptly given up that study. She did not need for graduation the credit thus forfeited. This rankled.

The opportunity came after several days; and as there was no way of escape, Betsy faced Professor Warren in answer to a gruff, "Miss Daymon, just a moment please!" and matched his gray eyes squarely with her big, brown ones.

"I wish to say Miss Daymon, that in consideration of your unusually good student-record, I have decided to overlook the—er—deplorable misunderstanding of a week ago. I—it is quite unnecessary for you to give up Virgil."

"Thank you, Mr. Warren," said Betsy. Then she dropped her eyes and fumbled over the leaves of a book she carried. "I owe you an apology just the same. I am a coward, not to have offered it sooner. I was so sorry—especially after father told me—. I mean, I'll never forgive myself for the ugly things I said to you. I should have known that you wouldn't be such a bear if—I mean that people who are not lonesome or unhappy are seldom disagree—O dear!" she broke off with a nervous little laugh. "I see I don't know how to apologize."

Their eyes met, and because he could think of nothing else to do, Professor Warren very gravely took the proffered hand and was surprised to find himself saying:

"Your apology is quite unnecessary, Miss Daymon. The fault—er, was entirely mine. I really am indebted to you for a completely unprejudiced view of myself. I have been perhaps a little harsh—that is, my views of life and of people may have become warped from too little contact with them; but I should have been able to understand and sympathize with loneliness."

The lines about his mouth had softened. While they looked into each other's faces, something had bridged the gap between teacher and pupil; something had broken down the barrier of cynicism built up by a man of twenty-six who had been try-

